

TIMELY TOPICS

Morgan is said to be a man of few words. His money talks.

It hardly offsets being in Wall street only a few minutes that one may be out a great deal afterwards.

Wheels were never so cheap as this year. And yet it seems so natural there should be a tumble where the bike is concerned.

The only discouraging thing about the case of the Chicago man who is living without a stomach is that he still has to eat.

The total catch of seals during the season just closed was 350,000. This does not include the electric seals, the catch of which was light.

Perhaps \$7,500 is not much of a verdict in a breach of promise case, but there are figures enough in it to sum up into a horrible example.

"Ghost dancing" is what J. J. Hill called the phenomenal rise in Northern Pacific, but "scalp dance" would seem to be a more appropriate name.

The one weak point in athletics in our colleges and universities to-day is that its work looks rather to competitive contests than to physical development.

It has been discovered that common yellow corn will cure cancer. Mr. Phillips discovered some time ago that it would cure poverty if properly applied.

That one operator made some \$60,000 in the stock market by mistake does not affect the fact that it is a more serious mistake for most people to enter it.

A Halifax man who had killed his father and mother committed suicide by hanging himself in jail. Doubtless the sad fact that he was an orphan preyed upon his mind.

France is proposing pensions for aged people. If France would arrange things so that the average man could get hold of a few dollars before he is aged the rest would be easy enough.

One by one the reminders of our boyhood days disappear. A Chicago man has invented a ball-bearing grindstone and the grinding of grandpa's ax is no longer a terror to the rising generation.

Of course, while trusts are the fashion a straw hat combine is naturally to be expected. With a capital of \$12,000,000 to back it, this straw hat trust ought to be a pretty substantial affair.

About one-third of the Dominion of Canada is unexplored and practically unknown, which shows that she still has room to accommodate a goodly number of cashiers who may get to be too wealthy to live in the States.

Dr. Ellis Metchnikoff, the microbe sharp of the Pasteur Institute, says man is a regular pasture lot for microbes, most of them harmless. We are willing to act as free lunch for harmless microbes provided they will keep off the lawn.

Prof. Chrisman of Kansas told the mothers' congress that "the chief aim of mothers is to display their daughters to the best advantage in the matrimonial market," and all the mothers became very indignant. There are some things that ought not to be told.

The American soldier is free and easy, but the world hasn't his equal as a good soldier. Let's be content with him, allowing Europe to make automata out of her fighting material. Good, scrappy, alert, self-respecting men make the ideal soldiers. And that's the sort of man the American soldier is allowed to remain, no matter how long he may serve Old Glory in the field.

American scholarship has been criticized for a lack of thoroughness. What was to be expected of a nation that so lately set up housekeeping, and had a wild continent to subdue? But we are gradually settling to the business of superior education. The number of post-graduate students to each million inhabitants steadily rose from eight in 1880 to seventy-four in 1898—the latest year for which returns are given. And this statement does not include those who pursue their studies in European universities.

Dr. Nagusha, the Japanese bacteriologist, has made a formal proposition that all civilized nations unite in an organized effort to rid the world of rats. His own government, he declares, stands ready to bear its part, and the suggestion has called forth a remarkably unanimous verdict of approval from the doctors of many lands. Ways and means have not yet been formulated,

and it is in that direction, of course, that the greatest difficulty lies. Whether or not rats can be exterminated, or anywhere near exterminated, is a question yet to be determined. But in any event their numbers can be enormously reduced; and the certainty with which the spread of the bubonic plague in India and in Hawaii has been traced to rats makes even a reduction in numbers worth the effort it requires.

Treasury statistics of American imports and exports for the year 1909 show a balance of trade in favor of the United States of six hundred and forty-nine million dollars. In 1875 the exports of Great Britain, our chief competitor, were twice as large as ours; in 1888 our exports were the larger, and last year we were ten millions ahead. But it is not in international balances alone, but in government credit as well, that this country stands pre-eminent. United States 2 per cent bonds command 103%. British consols, paying 2% per cent, sell for 95%. French 3% per cents are quoted at 102. Russian 5 per cents are worth 101. Taking these British, French and Russian securities with those issued by ten other foreign nations, the amazing fact appears that our 2 per cents are equal in ready market value to the average price commanded by foreign government pledges that bear twice that interest rate. "As good as gold" is a sufficiently expressive comparison, but the figures show that our national securities are better than gold.

William Phelps, a colored laborer of Richmond, Ky., lost his life as the result of an act which shows him to have been a hero indeed. Phelps and Stansbury, another negro, were at work cleaning the inside of a steam boiler, when through the criminal carelessness of some one connected with the plant the scalding steam was turned on. Almost instantly it filled the interior of the boiler, and the two men, facing an awful death, sprang for the ladder which led to the manhole at the top and which furnished the only way of getting out of the death trap. Phelps reached the ladder first. In a fraction of a minute he might have reached the top and been safe. But instantly he remembered that he was single and had no one depending on him for support, while Stansbury was married and had a large family. So, with a self-abnegation more meritorious than any glorious deed performed under the excitement of battle, he turned aside and told Stansbury to go first. "You go first, Jim," shouted "Bill" Phelps. "You are married." Stansbury sprang to the top, escaping with slight injuries. Phelps followed as quickly as possible, but he was fatally burned. Dying, he said: "It was Jim's right to go first. He is married." It has often been said that the negro race lacks high moral qualities, but here is a negro who was a hero under circumstances as adverse as it is possible to conceive. With life within his grasp he voluntarily gave it up that another might be saved. "Greater love hath no man than this; that he lay down his life for his friend."

By simply agreeing to cease prosecution and pursuit of the band of ruffians who kidnaped his son, Edward Cudahy, of Omaha, had the opportunity to make \$21,000. The offer has been made. "You have got your boy, safe and sound," the thugs argue. "We didn't harm a hair of his head. Now, we are willing to return every dollar of the ransom money we have left if you'll call your dogs off the trail." Mr. Cudahy's answer was "no," and it was backed by a determination to follow the affair till somebody is landed in the penitentiary, and he will pay all expenses and \$25,000 reward for the conviction of his son's assailants. It is fortunate for society that Mr. Cudahy has a square chin and bulldog disposition, for the interests of the public in this case are even greater than his. There are very few original criminals. They are nearly all imitators. When a crime is committed and a large amount of booty secured it will be only a matter of a few days or weeks when imitators and bunglers will attempt to duplicate the effort in all parts of the country. Since the day that Edward Cudahy, Jr., was stolen from his home, leaving a mother prostrated with the uncertain horrors of his fate, there have been 52 kidnappings in the United States. It should not be necessary for private citizens to enforce the law or to bear the expense of ferreting out those who destroy it. Kidnaping is such a dastardly and cowardly crime that, for the safety of children and the mental peace of parents, public police officials should follow every case to the end and be satisfied with nothing less than capture and conviction. That they are satisfied with a good deal less is a humiliating fact. The mothers and fathers of the country owe Mr. Cudahy a debt of gratitude.

Hindoo Soap.
The only soap which the Hindoos of the orthodox type employ is made entirely of vegetable products. But soap is little used in India, being almost an unknown luxury with the natives.

It is as impolite to ask a man if his diamonds are genuine as it is to ask a woman her age.



Sole songster of the city street,
Standing where clashing currents meet,
With lungs of brass and throat of mail,
Our truly urban nightingale!
How wags our world to-day?
How runs your count-day?
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Battle and slaughter and death,
Kings that are short of breath,
Scandal and fire and flood,
Ruin and wreck and blood!
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Piercing the city's sullen din
With vocal volleys, sharp and thin.
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)



Before the milkman wakes the sun
Your morning carol has begun,
All day you're racing with the clock,
To thrill us with an hourly shock!
"Till even in our dreams
We seem to hear your screams.
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Bacon and coffee and crime,
Ready at breakfast time,
"Many lives lost" at lunch,
Served as we madly munch,
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
And when we dine at eventide,
"Double murder and suicide!"
"Horrible! Extry! Horrible!"



Our ears are shattered by your cries,
We see red spots before our eyes!
At night we dream of fearful things,
With slimy tails and ferny wings!
They perch upon our chests,
Cold-fingered, clammy guests,
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
We wake and start in sudden fear,
Catastrophic voices still we hear,
Shrieking the tale of frenzied rage,
That bleeds across the gory page,
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Till haggard-eyed, with nerves that shake,
We start for Bedlam or the lake.
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)



Is there no deed of nobler worth,
No sweeter music left on earth?
Are there no sunbeams, birds, or flowers?
No quiet days, no happy hours?
That you must tune your song
To ruin, shame and wrong?
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Is there no hero left to sing
Whose story has a truer ring?
Must the whole world be searched in vain
To find a braver, clearer strain?
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
Is this the climax of the years,
Of human interests, hopes and fears?
(Horrible! Extry! Horrible!)
—Chicago Tribune.



EVERYTHING IS MAGNIFIED.

Artist La Farge's Impressions of Hawaii's Lake of Fire.
There is now only vapor; sulphurous fumes that float up and obscure the distance and go up into the skies. But as the twilight begins fires come out and the space is edged with fire that sometimes colors the clouds of vapor. At one side a small cone stands up that burns with an eye of red fire. From time to time this opening spits out to one side a little vicious blotch of fire. The clouds of vapor rise so as to blur the distance, but near by the rocks are clear enough, and either black, or farther off where they are cliffs, are greenish-yellow with sulphur. Sizes become uncertain. I could swear that this lake was a thousand feet long; but Awoki and the guide walking along reduce the lake to real proportions, writes John La Farge in Scribner's. Then it is only a small lake of some 150 or 200 feet, perhaps. But the impression still remains—all is so thrown out of reference. The hole is so uncanny; the sky above, purple in the yellow of the afterglow and partly covered with the yellowish tone of the hellish vapor, looks high up above us. I sit (and sketch) on the absurd rocks, and then

we wait for something to happen. It has become night; we determine to give up hope of the breaking up of the lake and we start. We have lanterns, but gradually these go out, and we have only one that has to be cherished and we scramble along. By and by we halt, and looking back see greater lights, and the guide says that the lake has broken out. Still we are disinclined to return on the chance, for the vapors exaggerate everything, and after much scrambling we get back to the edge of the crater after a seven hours' tramp. As we go up the ascent the fire seems larger, and our host and the guides say that there is some breaking out. Still we are in doubt; we are disappointed and tired. And still I should not go back unless the most extraordinary conflagration occurred. Besides the undefined terror and spookiness of the thing, there is great boredom. There is nothing to take hold of, as it were—no center of fire and terror—only inconvenience and a faint fear of one thing—but what?

How Canyons Were Formed.
The secret of the great denudation and of this wonderful achievement of the Colorado in carving out of rock a series of canyons about 500 miles long and, in one place at least, more than a mile deep, with a multitude of tributary chasms and gorges, is very simple when you know it. The old lake bed slowly rose. At first the Colorado River and its tributaries, or some nameless monstrous ancestors of these, sweeping over the slowly rising surfaces, planed them down in most relentless fashion, and then began wearing out broad shallow stream beds. But then the country rose more rapidly, and the water had to cut deeper channels in the rocks in order to get out and away to sea. Owing in part to the wear of the water itself, but more to the ceaseless bombardment of the suspended sand which it bore from the up country, or picked up as it went along, and to the thump of pebbles and boulders which it swept on in flood time, the river kept cutting down as the strata rose, until finally, when what was left of our inland sea bottom got thrust up so that, towering far above its erstwhile rocky shores, it had to be called a plateau, the Colorado and its auxiliaries found themselves at the bottom of a series of colossal canyons and gorges, where they are to-day.—Harper's Magazine.

Spends His Life in Prison.
Count Rocco Dianovitch has made his getting into prison the chief business of his life for thirty-four of the forty-seven years he has lived, for a book he is anxious to write on the subject. At 13 he left his home and went into Prussia, where he was arrested for trespassing and sent to prison for three months, working at chair-making. From that time to this he has never been free from the desire to continue his prison explorations. From 13 till he was 20 he was in and out of more than twenty prisons in Belgium, Prussia, Poland and Russia. His first experience of jail life in England was in Liverpool, which was one of the worst he was ever in, filled with drunken sailors from all over the world. He stayed there six days, when he paid his fine and got out, the first time he failed to serve his sentence. Then he went to Ireland, France, Spain, Italy, Greece and Turkey, then to Egypt, where the jails are the worst in the world except Australia; next to India and Japan, and then to America, where he remained for more than a year, spending most of his time in jails and penitentiaries. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Why Pounds Are Sterling.
Business men are always talking about so many pounds sterling; yet probably not 1 per cent of them are aware of the origin of the term. It dates back to the time of Richard Coeur de Lion, when money coined in the east part of Germany came into special request in this country on account of its purity, and was called Easterling money, because in those days all the inhabitants of those parts were called Easterlings. In the course of time some of these Germans were brought to London, and the pieces they minted soon became known as sterling, from the word Easterling.—London Express.

He Objected.
He was a hungry caddy with a healthy appetite, and he made it a point never to be too particular about his food. He took a seat in a coffee shop one day and ordered a plate of "taters and sausages." He had about half finished the meal when he espied a piece of wood protruding from the remains of his sausage. "Hi, waiter!" he cried. "Look a-here! I don't mind eating the dawg, but I ain't a-going to eat the kennel, that's strite!"—London Tit-Bits.

Burglary Doesn't Pay.
Burglary no longer pays in London. The police reports for last year show that the whole fraternity of burglars earned only \$98,000.

Old-Time Fusileers.
"Fusil" was the old name for the flint lock, to distinguish it from the match lock, and fusileers were those who carried fusils.

IS A SWEEPING INJUNCTION

MACHINISTS ARE ENJOINED.

It Covers a Wide Scope—Application Was Carefully Worded—National Metal Trades Association the Plaintiff—Officers of Union Speak.

Milwaukee, Wis., June 22.—A sweeping injunction of widespread scope and importance was issued today to the Vitter Manufacturing company. The order prevents the strikers from in any way interfering with the workmen that are employed at the Vitter works, from gathering about the works in any way, from posting pickets, from combining for the purpose of preventing tradesmen from selling to workmen who have refused to quit, and from doing anything that will in any way operate to result in damage to the Vitter company.

The injunction equals in its effect the combined strike order issued by Judge Jenkins in the Northern Pacific case, without embracing any of the defects of the order, which led to its revocation in the court of appeals. There is not a single reference to the strike in the injunction—the men are not restrained from striking, as they were in the Northern Pacific order, but are simply restrained from taking any action or doing anything which will in any way tend to cause damage to the Vitter company.

While the action is brought in the name of the Vitter company, it is really the National Metal Trades association that is the plaintiff, the Vitter company having been selected to serve as plaintiff, because, it is said, the equities existing were greater in its favor, and Milwaukee was considered as the best place in the country in which to fight the battle in the courts.

The injunction is directed against each and every member of the International Association of Machinists, and all persons in any way connected therewith. The order is returnable in Judge Elliott's court. George Mulberry, third vice president of the International Association of Machinists, being interviewed in regard to the injunction, said: "I do not believe that the injunction will have any effect whatever on the strike. I can not say what will be done until we have a conference and talk it over. Very likely the entire proceedings will be ignored and the men will go on as before, or else deliberately violate the order and make a test case of it. The employers can not stop a man from picketing the shops. Any man can walk the streets and speak to other men on any subject he wants to. It is a great bluff and does not frighten us a particle."

Prices Paid in Spokane.

Poultry and eggs—Chickens, old, 9@10c per lb, live weight; ducks, \$4 per doz; geese, dressed, 12c per lb; turkeys, live, 10@12c; dressed 12@13c; eggs, fresh, \$4.25 per case.
Vegetables—Potatoes, \$1.25 per cwt; onions, 3.50 per cwt.
Hides—Green hides and calf skins, 5@6c per lb; dry hides, butcher, 10@12c per lb.
Live stock—Beef, live steers, 4½c; dressed, 8c; live cows, 3½c; dressed, 7½c; veal calves, dressed, 7@9c; muton, ewes, 3c; wethers, 3½c; hogs, live, \$4.75@5 per cwt; dressed, \$7 per cwt.
Sheepskins—Shearings, 10c each; short wool pelts, 30@50c; medium wool, 50@75c; long wool, 75c@\$1.
The local mills pay the following prices for grain, delivered: Club wheat, 44½c bulk, 46½c sacked; bluestem, 47c bulk, 49c sacked; red, 43c bulk, 44c sacked.

Can Surrender 6000 Men.

Santa Cruz, Province of Laduna, Luzon, June 24.—In the course of an interview with him by a representative of the Associated Press General Calles, the insurgent commander whose surrender is promised and who is now established in the former American headquarters at Pagsangan, said he was convinced of the wisdom of surrender and is satisfied of the liberal intentions of the American authorities. The town is full of armed and uniformed insurgents.

Americans Won.

Glasgow, June 23.—The international pigeon match here for a prize of 200 pounds, resulted as follows:
America 937, Scotland 882, Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, Iowa, and R. Morrell of Milwaukee, both made the highest possible score.

Fearful Storm in Virginia.

Taswell, Va., June 23.—The worst storm in its history struck this county this evening, doing great damage to crops, railroads and buildings. Three children were drowned.

In Europe 10 out of every 1000 persons are living out of their own country, in America 137 out of every 1000, while 300 out of every 1000 Australians were born in some other part of the world.

MOST PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The Bicycle Has Nearly Emancipated the Parsi Women.
The most peculiar people of India are the Parsis (or "Parsees," meaning "Persians"), who feed their dead to the vultures upon the Tower of Silence. They fled to India from Persia when that land fell into the hands of the Arabs twelve centuries ago. Their men are the first very singular persons the traveler sees on board the ship which takes him to India, their singularity consisting in their long narrow faces and large eyes, their shiny, patent-leather-looking, tubular hats and their long and ugly coats. They are most numerous in Bombay, but one meets them in other cities on the "Bombay side," and in Madras and Calcutta on the other shore. They are the richest natives of India, and have made and still make money in trade.

They are the only Indians, who, as a body, admire and cultivate Western progressive ideas, who treat their women fairly well (according to our ideas), and who permit their widows to marry again. Their first rule of life is to practice benevolence, and no people do this more liberally. They maintain nearly two-score charitable institutions in Bombay alone. They are the only people in the world who do not smoke, and this is because they will not trifle with fire, which is sacred in their belief. They never spit and they will not in any way contaminate the earth or water or deile the trees and flowers. That is why they destroy their dead without burning the bodies.

They have no beggars among them; they are monogamists; they are not caste-ridden (or rotten), like the Hindoos, for they acknowledge two classes—the priests and the people. They keep New Year day, not only as a religious fete day, but, much as we do, as a day for general visiting. Their women are not imprisoned with their servants or otherwise degraded, but may be met anywhere and everywhere to the same extent as English women in India. So often are these women comely, and so beautifully are they clad in such soft and exquisitely colored silks—that, as one writer says, "they appear as hours floating about the earth in silk balloons, with a ballasting of anklets, necklaces, earrings and jewelry." It is no more than fair for the Parsi men to let this be as it is, for they are the ugliest men that crawl upon this globe.

An English lady advised me to go and see the rich Parsi young women riding bicycles on the road beside the sea at 4 o'clock of any afternoon. What an ideal! The bicycle has so revolutionized young womanhood in England that men who return there after a short absence can not credit their senses as they note the change in the maidens and their home government. What will it do—or not do—in India? Truly that modest-looking toy has worked as much of the change in this swift-booted century as many of our most important inventions. It has proved a steed which leaps the highest bars of prejudice, runs away with the deepest-rooted conventions—even outpaces the plans of women for their own emancipation. I try to fancy what it may do in India, but, after all, it has only a few thousands of Parsis upon whom to work.—Harper's Magazine.

The Kentucky Mountaineers.

There are no more strikingly interesting people in America than these isolated mountaineers who make their homes generation after generation among the fastnesses of the eastern section of the "dark and bloody ground." The waves of civilization which swept westward along the St. Lawrence, the Erie canal, and a dozen other routes seem to have found at this point in the Appalachians an insurmountable barrier and rolled back, leaving the descendants of the pioneers of a century and a half ago with many of the same habits and customs and traditions dear to the hearts of their forefathers.

A man who knows the whole country as a child does his first picture book told me that if any person took the trouble to go through a copy of Shakespeare and pick out all the obsolete words he would find nearly all of them a common use among these mountain folk. In their phraseology we find "help" for "help," "hit" for "it," and other words which, far from being corruptions, are the pure old Anglo-Saxon. Even their ballads are mementoes of ages gone by, and I know of one man who, after riding 200 miles through the mountains for the purpose, finally picked up, from hearing the women sing them, the full thirteen verses of an old Scotch ballad which proved to be identical with those recorded in a diary bearing the date 1666.—International Magazine.

Female Postal Employees in England.

The English postoffice employs not far short of 30,000 women, and it is probable that the largest number are employed in telegraphy, or in duties relating thereto. In London alone the number would appear to exceed 1,500, of whom no fewer than 1,000 are employed at the central telegraph office at St. Martin's-le-Grand.—Scottish American.

Every time a boy looks at a gun, some woman screams.